

WEEKLY CHAMPION.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

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FUN FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

Size ain't everything. A watch ticking can be heard further than a bed ticking.

When a woman smiles from ear to ear it's real mean to say her mouth goes back on her.

The boy who bit into a green apple remarked, with a wry face, "Twas ever thus in childhood—sour."

Englishmen when traveling through the boundless West are struck with the enormous amount of land to the acre.

Somebody has been bright enough to say, "Langtry and Gebhardt—the Lily of the Valley and the Violet of the Lily."

Small boy—"Pa did you know ma long before you married her?" Pa—"I didn't. I didn't know her till long after I married her."

A Connecticut man claims to have a cat that eats cucumbers. This is something that ought to be encouraged in the cat family as much as possible.

Mother (to a five-year-old, who has sat very still for five minutes)—"What are you thinking of, George?" George—"Oh! 'bout old times, I guess."

"The difference," said Twixton "between a good-natured lover and a bleak, open plain, appears to be this: One's a mild wooer and the other's a wild moor."

Lord Coleridge said that John Bright built himself up on Milton. If Mr. Bright were an American and an Arkansaw man, he would have built himself up on Bacon.

Professor of chemistry: "The substance you see in this vial is the most deadly of all poisons. A single drop placed on the tongue of a cat is enough to kill the strongest man."

"I've got this thing down fine now, Mildred," said Amy to the High School girl. "Don't say 'got it down fine,' Amy, there's a dear; say 'reduced to extreme tenacity.'"

An exchange gives a lot of advice. "How to catch a husband." The simplest way to catch him would be to leave him alone with the good-looking maid servant and then come upon him unawares.

"Oh, you can laugh!" exclaimed Fenderson, "but perhaps I'm not so great a fool as I seem to be." "As for that, Fendy," replied Foggy, "we all know you are not. It would be simply impossible."

"What is that—is it an acrobat?" "Oh, no, my son, that is a man who is kicking himself." "What makes the man kick himself?" "He has been to masquerade party and flirted with his wife all the evening."

First boy:—"Where yer hin, Billy?" Second boy:—"Rin fishin'." First boy:—"Ketch anythin'?" With an anxious expression on his face, Far-seeing second boy:—"No, but I expect ter when I git in the house."

It is estimated that over 500,000 tons of paper are made in this country every year, and yet the man who shaves himself has to hunt around for over fifteen minutes before he can find a piece that he dare wipe his lather upon.

Jones asked his wife, "Why is a husband like dough?" He expected she would give it up and he was going to tell her that it was because a woman needs him; but she said it was because he was hard to get off her hands.

"I love your daughter better than I love my life," said he to her obstinate father. "Well," replied the heartless man, "go commit suicide and let her get rid of you. That won't be much of a proof, but will be satisfactory to me."

Lady:—"Little boy you should know better than that, to drag the child along in that cruel way; you are likely to kill it." Boy (who evidently considers the family already too large):—"Never mind, there's 'nother at 'ome, mem."

"I Do Not Love Him in the Old Ford Way," sings Miss Ella Wheeler, our favorite Western poetess, from which it is surmised that Miss Ella has never leaned on a front gate till the poor thing groaned and heaved like a horse with the colic.

STRANGE RESCUE FROM SLAVERY.

Some sixty years since a Bank of England £5 note was paid into a Liverpool merchant's office in the ordinary course of business. On holding it up to the light to test its genuineness, the cashier saw some faint red marks upon it. Examining them closely, he traced some half-effaced words between the printed lines and upon the margin of the note, written apparently in blood. After a long and minute scrutiny he made out the words: "If this note should fall into the hands of John Dean, of Loughill, near Carlisle, he will learn hereby that his brother is languishing a prisoner in Algiers." The merchant immediately communicated with Mr. Dean, and he lost no time in bringing the matter before the Government. Enquiries were set on foot, and the unfortunate man discovered and ransomed. He had been a slave to the Dey of Algiers for eleven years, when the message he had traced with a splinter of wood dipped in his own blood, reached the Liverpool counting house. Liberty, however, came too late; the privations and hardships of the galleys had sapped his strength, and, although he was brought home to England, it was too late to die.

Hortense, when a very little girl, passed through New York with her parents, and took dinner at one of the prominent hotels. On leaving the table she turned to the waiter who had served them and said, with a dignified little bow, "I thank you for your many kind attentions."

ROYAL REMAINS.

Imperial Cesars Dead and Turned to Clay in Westminster Abbey.

One of the most interesting occasions on which I visited the Abbey with the Dean (Stanley) was when we took steps to re-enter the remains of Queen Katherine of Valois, wife of Henry V.

The fortunes of this queen were strange in death as well as in life. The daughter of Charles VI. of France, wife of our Henry V., mother of Henry VI., grandmother of Henry VII., a link between the royal houses of France and England, she was regarded as queen of both countries. She had been received on her first visit to England "as an angel of God," and in France had sat with her husband at a great banquet in Paris, among a crowd of dukes, princes and barons, gorgeously apparelled and crowned with a precious diadem.

After her husband's death, she and her son Henry VI. erected to him the splendid chantry in the Confessor's Chapel, which is built in the shape of the first letter of his name. But after Henry's death she made a mesalliance with Owen Tudor, who, whatever may have been his supposed extraction from ancient British kings, held no higher position than that of soldier of the guard.

In consequence of this she fell into contempt and oblivion, and after her death her remains were so badly confined that her body was actually visible more than two centuries afterward.

This scandalous neglect continued until more than a century ago, when the body was stowed away in the vault of Sir George Villars, father of the Duke of Buckingham, who was the favorite of James I. and Charles I.

When the Villars vault was opened, after the funeral of one of the Percies, in the vault which joins it, we thought that it would be a good opportunity to remove the body of the neglected Queen—once so beautiful and so renowned—to a more fitting burial place. It was not right that she should be indebted, so to speak, to the chance vacancy in the grave of the Buckinghamshire knight.

When the coffin was lifted out of the vault in the Chapel of St. Nicholas, it tumbled to pieces before our eyes and there lay the mortal remains of the wife of our hero-king—the Kate of Shakespeare's magnificent tragedy and the ancestress of the mighty Tudors.

The remains were nearly perfect, but were little more than a skeleton, except that the muscles of the legs and feet still remained. The skull, small and impossibly shaped, lay on something which had once been a silken cushion. Large pieces of cerecloth still remained, though they crumbled to dust at the least touch.

No one was present when this occurred except the Dean, the clerk of the works and myself. We stood in silence, and in deep and reverent thought, beside the mortal relics of the lovely Princess, who had been the ancestress of so many of our kings, and who, after so much glory and so many sorrows, had passed away nearly four centuries ago. Neither the Dean nor I was tempted by the passion for abstracting memorials from the resting-places of the dead. Not one bone, nor one shred of silk was disturbed, except, (if I remember rightly) a very small piece of cere cloth, which we sent to her Majesty the Queen.

A strong oak coffin was made with all speed, and the body was then buried in the chantry Queen Katherine built. Here it rests, immediately over the tomb of her husband. The top of the tomb was formed of what had once been intended for an altar-stall in the chantry chapel, and the translation of the very simple Latin inscription which was engraved upon it is to the following effect: "Here rests at length, after so many years and so many vicissitudes, the body of Katherine Valois, daughter of Charles VI. of France, wife of Henry V., mother of Henry VI., grandmother of Henry VII."

It happened to the Dean for various necessary reasons, to be obliged to open several of the royal vaults—always of course, for adequate causes and with royal permission. Thus it was desirable to open the tomb of Richard II. for indispensable repairs. The common story about his death relates that his skull was cleft from behind with a blow from the battle-axe of Sir Piers Exton in the dungeon of Pontefract Castle.

It was seen, however, that nothing of the kind had happened to the body which lies there interred; and there are some doubts whether Henry V. really brought the corpse of Richard II. to London from Pontefract, and whether the body he exposed to view was not rather that of Richard's chaplain, Maudsley, who is known to have closely resembled him. The historic doubt on this subject will never be solved. The mode in which he met his death is a secret of the prison-house forever.

On another occasion it became necessary to open several of the royal vaults, to see whether it was true that the body of James I. had been removed from the Abbey by the Puritans. If this had proved to be the case, there would have been some small shadow of an excuse for the base act of the Parliament of Charles II. in turning out of the Abbey the bodies of Cromwell and his adherents.

It was most interesting to hear the Dean describe the chaotic fullness of the vault of the Stuarts, which contains the coffins of Prince Henry; Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia; Mary of Orange, Mary, Queen of Scots; ten children of James II., eighteen children of Queen Anne; Prince Rupert, Prince George of Denmark, and many others. This crowded Stuart vault formed a strange contrast to the majestic quietude of the Tudor vault, in which only Queen Elizabeth and Queen Mary Tudor lie side by side.

The body of King James was at last

found, very unexpectedly, in the vault of Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York.—[Cannon Farrar in the Youth's Companion.]

OUR FOREIGN CATTLE-RAISING COMPANIES.

The development of cattle raising in the West is still rapidly progressing. English and Scotch capital is already largely invested in the business, and recent English papers tell of the formation of a large number of other cattle-raising companies having chiefly in view the prosecution of the industry on our Western ranges. Of a list of seventeen such lately organized enterprises, representing a capital of \$20,650,000, all but one intend to operate in this country. They have nearly all been formed in the last three or four months and in soliciting investment, the prospectuses of nearly all have dwelt upon the success of the Prairie Cattle Company which lately announced a first dividend of over 27 per cent. These foreign cattle companies are fast gaining control of this industry in the Far West, either by appropriating large ranges or by purchasing the herds and "plant" of American stockmen. It looks now as if Uncle Sam's wide pastures from the Gulf to the Canadian line would ere long be doing more for the enrichment of Englishmen and Scotchmen than of Americans. Is the arrogant dishonesty of the "cattle kings," towards smaller stockmen and neighboring agricultural settlers of native or foreign origin? The Land Office records, the columns of local papers, the observation of intelligent visitors to the ranges all tell of the high-handed manner in which these potentates often fence in large areas of the public domain, closing public roads that cross their illegally acquired ranches, mix up small neighboring herds inextricably with their own multitudinous stock, depredate on the crops of adjacent settlers, and often at the mouth of rifle or revolver forbid intending settlers to take up the land offered them by the laws of their country.

EYES OF GOSSIP.—Can the evil wrought by gossip be estimated? We think not. A wise woman can scarcely say too little in company if the conversation trenches in the least on scandal. Many a social, noble-minded woman has been obliged to withdraw herself from a neighborhood intimacy, which would have been pleasant otherwise, because her remarks are returned by some idle tale, so perverted as to make her doubt the existence of genuine friendship, and accept loneliness for the sake of the safety it brought. You say we must talk "about something." Yes, and through that very fact we see a remedy for the evil, to so thoroughly interest ourselves in other and better things that we find no space for our neighbor's affairs. Let us talk of our work, our homes, our house-plants, our books, or our babies. Let us teach our eyes to find beauty everywhere, while we blind them by constant watchfulness to blemishes. Never, under any circumstances, cast the first stone. Then, if any erring neighbor goes down, you cannot blame yourself for assisting the downfall.—[Selected.]

CARE OF THE EYES.—Continual reading is apt to injure the eyes. Such reading as confines the eyes without interruption to the page is more injurious to the eyes than such as requires occasional pauses in order to keep up with the scope of the thought. Novel-reading is harder on the eyes than history or philosophy. A broad page taxes the eyes more than a narrow page, unless it is divided into two or three columns. Writing is easier for the eyes than copying, as in the latter work one must read as well as write and compare the copy with the original. Reading on the cars, or when in motion, is injurious to the eyes, as they are strained in trying to overcome the shifting of the page. Reading in an uncertain, changing or flickering light is trying on the eyes, and should be avoided.

A WOMAN'S LUCKY SPECULATION.

A Chicago lady, whose husband is a grain speculator, was in New York a month or two ago and put her pin money in the market. Just at this time came the recent famous corner in the Chicago Board of Trade, and the husband was badly caught, and over the wires to his wife came the news of his financial embarrassment. He was in a big hole and feared he couldn't get out. Up bounced the stock upon which she had placed her money, and profits to the extent of several thousand dollars were subject to her call. It did not, so the story goes, take her long to call it, and even less time to place it by telegraph as ready cash to the account of the embarrassed husband, who was thereby saved.

Professor Newton publishes the very interesting information that "the earth receives about three billion of meteors every year, but they only increase the size of the earth one inch in one hundred years." That, of course, don't include the number of meteors a man sees floating through space after he has stepped on an orange peel and emphatically and suddenly laid the back of his head on a stone sidewalk. No man has yet been able to count them.

A health journal says: "Too thick underclothing causes unnatural redness in the face and nose." We never heard it called that name before. Perhaps if the editor of the health journal was to dilute his "underclothing" with a little water before swallowing it, the unnatural color would not manifest itself so prominently.

No use talking, the whole world is "marsh" on America. Lord Coleridge says "American women are the most beautiful in the world." Fred Gebhardt and the rest of us know what Mrs. Langtry thinks of the men.

"When you are in Rome you must do as Romans do," as the American tramp said when he squatted on the steps of a cathedral in the Eternal City and held out his hat.

MEXICO'S MILLIONAIRE.

What a Shrewd Irishman Has Done—Estimated Fortune of \$15,000,000.

Don Patricio Milmo, of Monterey, Mexico, has arrived in this city, accompanied by his daughter. As he walked up and down the lobby of the hotel in the afternoon no one would have thought that he was the wealthiest man in Mexico, neither would they have believed that he was anything more than a commonplace farmer; yet he has demonstrated what a shrewd Irishman can do if he works with his wits and his hands at the same time.

About thirty-four years ago young "Pat" Milmo, as he was then called, left Ireland, and in the course of his wanderings brought up at Tampico, Mexico. General Vidauri met him one day, and struck by the bright, intelligent countenance of the young Irish boy, gave him a chance to show what he could do. With the characteristic tenacity of his countrymen young Milmo worked hard and soon went into cattle-raising. The country was new and cattle farmers scarce, and from a small start "Pat" laid the groundwork for a snug little sum of shining dollars. At the age of twenty-five years he had a small fortune laid away and had won the heart of the old general's daughter.

About this time one of the political revolutions common to Mexico broke out, and with true Celtic foresight young Milmo stepped into the disturbed arena of politics. It was the turning point of his life. As affairs shifted about he found himself sitting as an officer in the government. The high road to wealth and affluence was open to him from that time. His business increased, and after his first million was made he had but to turn his hand and investments turned out profitable. His fortune is now estimated at \$15,000,000. With that amount of money in his coffers Patrick became Don Patricio, but the brogue still hangs to his tongue.

When the reporter of the World saw him yesterday he wore a broad-brimmed soft felt hat, which was placed jauntily on his head, looking much like a sombrero. His smile itself was sufficient introduction. When the reporter asked the distinguished Irish-Mexican about his adopted country he talked pleasantly. Speaking about American capitalists in Mexico, Don Patricio said: "There are but few men who would answer to the name capitalist if you called it out in a crowd. An adventurer who goes west and drifts into Mexico with a few hundred dollars to speculate with is not a capitalist. There are lots of cheeky chaps who work their way across the border, but they don't stay. They soon make a break for Texas, which is a sort of haven for 'busted' men of all creeds."

The face of the millionaire lighted up as the reporter asked him concerning the affairs of the republic, and he replied:

"Affairs in Mexico are managed under laws similar to those which govern the United States. They are working exceedingly well and we believe that we will succeed on this basis. The most important legal holiday will soon be around again in our country. The presidential election, I mean. General Diaz is a candidate for renomination and I believe he will be successful in securing it. Our May election is quite as lively, comparatively, as your November election."

"Do you mind suggesting to a reporter how you succeeded in amassing your immense fortune?"

"Just as lief as not. You might call it luck, but there was something beside that. I was young when I first saw Mexico, and when an opportunity opened I went to work. I kept my weather eye open and when there was a chance to make money I saw it. I went into politics and grew up with the country. To look back it appears as if it was all very easy, but then it wasn't."

"Don't you want to visit the land of the shamrock again?"

"Dear old Sligo! Yes. Although I have been away from the land of my birth thirty-four years the memory of the thatched houses, the green fields and the faces of my little playmates is still before me. I will go back to Ireland some day to visit the boys who grew up with me, but my home will still be in Mexico."—[New York World.]

VERY APPROPRIATE.—A prominent army officer, whose command is stationed at San Antonio, and whose name we charitably suppress, recently passed through Austin, returning from a leave of absence, and dropped into Marks' photograph gallery to have his picture taken. Mr. Marks brought some books to place on the table beside which the officer was to sit during the process.

"Here, none of them!" said the soldier, "books have too much of the civilian looks about them."

"But, my dear sir," remonstrated Mr. Marks, "it will hardly look well to have the table bare."

"It won't eh?" said the officer, "then put a pack of cards, a bottle of whisky, and some glasses on the table. And, remember, there must be only a very little liquor left in the bottle."—[Texas Siftings.]

Fifteen hundred cab proprietors and drivers have petitioned the Berlin City Council that no more wooden or asphalt pavement be laid down. Some of the petitioners say that the accidents are from fifty to seventy-five times greater than on the old stone pavement, and it is further alleged that the expense of repairs is much greater. The worst stone pavement is preferable, they declare, to wood or asphalt.

The Connecticut boy who has a third arm growing out of the back will be able to scratch himself between the shoulder blades without resorting to the corner of a building.

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